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bunches of leaves like fans used in their dances, and of these there were hundreds. Several children's bows were found, also wooden balls for them to play with, and a rough circular piece of wood which the Andamanese said was rolled along, and into which they shot their arrows. There was a large *degchi* made out of a tree trunk fitted into one of the honey pots, and neatly-worked mats used as shelves for the food, and also I think to sit on. Among other things I discovered a glass bottle, and it is worthy of note that they had a stock of firewood chopped and tied up with cane ready for use in one corner of the building. The house was on the summit of a hill, and there were seven paths leading up to it. All were well cleared at their opening on to the hill and each could be commanded by a man with a bow and arrow. Over two of the entrances were raised platforms of logs sloping from the ground to about 3 feet in height. These were the look-outs and each commanded a path and my own impression is that when the camp is in habitation, over each path a similar platform is erected, and each path thus well commanded. The main approach leading due north was as well cleared as a Forest Department road, and must have been 15 yards broad at the exit from the camp. Large trees had been felled and saplings cut a foot from the ground, and around the hut the grass had been cleared as carefully as at a jungle pongyi-kyaung in Burma. They had even taken the trouble to cut down several large trees, one quite 5 feet in diameter, evidently to have a view of the next ridge. In fact so much care had been taken both in the building of the house, and the clearing of the precincts, and so well were both done, that it is difficult to believe that savages have been able to do this unaided. The Andamanese say there is another, possibly two similar huts to this. They say that the whole Jarawa tribe collects in one of these in the rains. I am rather doubtful myself whether the whole tribe could occupy the house; I rather think they under-rate their numbers, as the traces of them on every side in the jungle make me think there are from 80 to 100 men, whereas the Andamanese put down their numbers at 100 all told. They say that they burned a similar hut to this some years ago at Maiilitilek. In the dry weather the Jarawas scatter hunting and live in their hunting huts.

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After exploiting the house we considered what was best to be done. At first we determined to camp in the house for the night, and for that purpose sent back a party to bring up food. Then leaving a guard of Police and Andamanese we went down the main path towards the north. It was very easy going, and though it narrowed from its 15-yard entrance to a path only wide enough for a man, there was no difficulty in getting along. We, however, found no fresh traces, indeed the only track we saw was that of a man who the Andamanese said was going to look after the house. They explained that every two or three days in the dry weather a man or two goes to see that nothing is wrong with the house. After proceeding about a mile we again considered what it was best to do, and eventually I came to the conclusion to leave the house and to return. I took one specimen of everything to take back to Port Blair, and left everything else in its place so as not to frighten the Jarawas. We then returned as fast as we could, reaching the launch at 6 P.M. To-day's expedition was not a hard one. We had had a tramp of 5 miles or so to the camp and a mile further on and back, so the whole day's march was not more than 12 or 13 miles.

February 1st.—Started from Port Anson at 6 A.M. and arrived 10-30 A.M. at Port Blair. Received orders to start the next day, and return with Mr. Rogers.

February 2nd.—Left Port Blair at 7-45 A.M. and arrived at Duratang at 10-45 A.M. Proceeded on to Jatang at 11-30 A.M. Met Mr. Rogers and handed him the Superintendent's letter. Returned with him at once getting back to the launch at 4 P.M.

February 3rd.—Started at day-break and anchored in Port Anson harbour at Dum-lachorag at 9 A.M. Started off for the Jarawa house in boats at 9-30. On this occasion we pulled considerably further up the creek so as to avoid as much as possible of the mangrove swamp. On landing we almost at once came on the fresh tracks of five Jarawas, so leaving a guard of one policeman and several Andamanese at the boat, Mr. Bonig and myself followed them for about half a mile, but as we found they were only following our tracks of Friday we returned, and all made for the Jarawa camp at Pochang. We arrived about noon. We found the Jarawas had visited it since our discovery of it on January 31st and had carried off all the more valuable articles, such as the *degchi* and the honey pots. I had feared this when we came on their fresh footsteps. They had also slightly dismantled the house so as to make rude barricades on the unprotected approaches. I sent our Andamanese into the jungle to see that there were none lurking near, and then Mr. Rogers photographed the house, exterior and interior, while Mr. Needham, who was also with us, sketched it, after which we removed all the remaining baskets and other belongings, and cut down the pig skulls in the centre. After this we collected the Andamanese and they executed a war dance with the Jarawa leaf-fans. Then gathering up the trophies, consisting mostly of pig skulls, we returned to the launch, arriving at 4 P.M. Weighed anchor and proceeded to the Andaman Home at Port Anson, where we remained for the night.

February 4th.—Left Port Anson at 11-30 A.M., arriving at Port Blair at 4-30 P.M.

The four policemen who accompanied Mr. Bonig and myself on our several marches worked very well, and were always close to us. The work of the smarter boys among the Andamanese was splendid, and their tracking was a revelation to me. Their unerring knowledge of the jungle too was marvellous. For instance they had only visited Geringchapa-jig once previously and that years before. Yet without a compass and with hardly a glimpse of the sun to guide them, they never faltered, knew exactly where they were and took the nearest way home. Two or three of them afterwards pointed out our position

11: Cipriani E-3 (1951-1955) 1966 AZ2 Andamans AZ2
Arioto
Jarawas

has a moustache, whereas pure Negritos have no body or facial hair.

THE JARAWAS

For obvious reasons I was unable to carry out any studies on the Jarawas. Apart from a restricted area around Port Blair, on the east coast of Great Andaman, the whole island is a tangle of tropical vegetation, in many places impenetrable, or at most passable only by hacking a way through. A few roads radiate from Port Blair, but none penetrate more than twenty kilometres or so from the township. To the north of the town is a well-maintained police cordon that stretches right across the island from east to west to prevent infiltration by the Jarawas; those in the south were all rounded up some time ago. Only beyond the cordon do the Jarawas maintain their rule over the virgin forest almost unchallenged. Like all the Andamanese they are Negritos, small in stature and extremely dark skinned. Obsessed by a fierce hatred for anyone outside their own group, enemies even of the other Andamanese, they roam through the forest with their deadly arrows. Shot from their powerful bows, their dagger-sharp arrows penetrate deep into the body of the victim – they can transfix a man's chest. The bloody skirmishing which has gone on for the last hundred years shows no signs of lessening even today.

The Jarawa ferocity increased as the result of grave mishandling of the situation by the foreigners. In this connection the following sentences from Portman's *History* may be quoted: 'On our arrival the Jarawas were quiet and inoffensive towards us, nor did they ever disturb us, until we took to continuously molesting them by inciting the coastal Andamanese against them. After a few years of this disturbance, the life of the Jarawas became very hard and in retaliation they began to attack us.' As the author in part recognizes, 'It was our fault if the Jarawas became hostile'. This was a fundamental error. Petty pilfering committed in perfect innocence by the Jarawas, ignorant of Western ideas of individual property, led to vicious punitive expeditions. To this end fire-arms were given to the hereditary enemies of the Jarawas, the Arioto. Elated by their unexpected power, they at once began slaughtering any Jarawa within sight, and enjoyed themselves hugely.

11: Cipriani E-3 (1951-1955) 1966 AZ2 Andamans AZ2

Owing to the difficulty of pushing through the undergrowth the Onges always travel in single file, following closely behind one another, the men first, then the women and children, with the dogs following all round. They never travel alone; I hardly ever met any by themselves, but always in groups of families or groups of hunters. The man who happens to be at the front of the file is the guide and when they come to an awkward part of the journey – perhaps across a deep river – everybody helps. Trees are felled to fall across between the banks and a rope of lianas is run across to make the crossing easier for the aged, the women and the children, though their sense of balance is so good that most of them manage without it, even when carrying heavy loads across a single trunk.

The Onges are now nearly all related to each other in some way. They all know each other, and the contacts are usually friendly. The few squabbles which I saw, always over game, or food that had been gathered, all blew over very quickly; normally, especially in the dry season when every group becomes nomadic in search of food, everyone went freely all over the island. On the occasions of the great hunts, or the honey feasts, a number of groups would band together for the occasion and even then they tried to divide the spoils equally and peaceably. If a dispute does arise the camp will break up into factions, but these will still keep close to each other and after a short while their differences will be made up with the usual long and tearful embraces. These scenes of reconciliation may go on for days, all starting from nothing more serious than a difference of opinion over the division of game captured by communal effort!

Much more important than the danger of offending other human beings is that of causing offence to the spirits of the dead or the guardian spirits who provide food. There is, as I have said, not overmuch rigidity in their observations – no propitiatory offerings of any kind are made to the spirits. The supreme being, Eiuga, who takes the shape of a lizard bigger than a crocodile, they know well. On Great Andaman he becomes Puluga, equally powerful, lord of men and things but rather more anthropomorphic than his counterpart in Little Andaman. As Eiuga lives in the sky, the thunder is his voice, and the wind his breath; if he is angry he breathes out storms and throws burning tree-trunks down to the earth, setting light to the forest. Behind Eiuga are a series of minor spirits who